THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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Seize the opportunity. *Carpe diem.* HOR.

WHEN vice appears, the monitor should never be inactive. He should pursue her through all her mazy course, penetrate after her to the deep recess; expose her in every appearance she may assume; and, if possible, counteract her dark designs.

When she stalks boldly forth in open day, unblushingly decked in the robes of profligacy,

"She is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

But when disguised in the garments of cunning hypocrisy, she comes forward with arguments to prove herself innocent, when she is able to spread her decoys to catch the unwary and fill the mouth of her deceived votary with, *I am sure I have done no harm*, then indeed she is truly dangerous.

In our bending to the influence of this sorceress, we are as often led by education as passion, and of the two, the former seems the most dangerous; education vitiates the mind when it fixes an evil habit; passion produces an effect, but is changeable and fluctuating; habit exercises the whole man, enlists the passions in its favour, stifles the power of reason, and domineers without controul. It should therefore be our constant care to resist manfully the first attack, and if possible, prevent the formation of a vicious habit: For this purpose, much depends on parents and teachers. The young mind easily receives impressions, and retains them very long; if the parent be careful to give right instructions, to instil right sentiments and lead in the practice of virtue, the child will generally follow and rise to usefulness. O, what has that parent to answer for, who is not only inattentive to the instruction of his off-

spring, but active in leading them where vice directs, and prompt to instil principles which in their nature have a tendency to subvert the rules of morality and blast the fairest hopes inspired by religion!

The spring now opens to us her most lovely prospects; nature puts on her gayest attire: Winter's dreary chilling views are no more: Hope, as we view the budding branch, the pointed blade of wheat covering the clod, and the opening flower, whispers that GOD will bless his creation and crown our labour with plenty. Led thus to consideration, and viewing the goodness of the universal Parent, can we be still ungrateful? and yet let us impartially weigh ourselves and then draw the conclusion. No sooner than the sun's influence has loosened the earth from the frost, and rendered our roads passable, than we find every lane and avenue leading to the city crowded, the father leading the active boy, the mother her blooming daughter, and for this relaxation the sabbath is the day chosen. The taverns in the environs of the city are crowded, the company are gay, the glass goes round—sabbath!—there is no sabbath there—it is the day of revelry, of mirth, of noise, of *relaxation* says the man of business—Should a Mahometan be introduced into any of our suburb taverns on the sabbath, and enquire what day of the week it was, were he a man of common penetration and common honesty, what would his ideas of our Christianity be, when informed it was that day which was solemnly set apart by us for religious exercises. If he were a classical scholar, he would be apt to reply, that instead of the Christian sabbath, he would have considered it the festival of Bachus. Question any of the sabbath day walkers, on their motives and actions, the answer uniformly will be, I was doing no harm, I only went to take a walk, and in that there was no harm; I only just stopped at Mr. A's tavern and refreshed myself; I came home before sun-down, and did no harm. But if we seriously consider this "*doing no harm*," we will assuredly find it a source pregnant with evil; first, if you be a parent, consider what influence this practice will necessarily have on your children: They may, it is true, read in their bibles, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy," they may have heard that the laws of our country add their weight to the divine command, they may see every day the pious of all denominations puntually attending on divine service. But parents, *if your example run counter*, their love, their reverence, their obedience, all lead them to be swayed

thereby; and in vain do you tell them what they ought to do, if your own practice inculcates a different doctrine. If you wish your children to be moral, to be religious, ye must yourselves be moral and religious; for be assured *example is infinitely more powerful than precept.* You walk out with your son on sunday afternoon, next sabbath the child walks out in the morning, rightly reasoning, that what was no sin in the evening, could be no sin in the early part of the day; and in these walks, with whom must he associate? surely with none other than the idle, the dissipated, the despisers of religion, who make morality a thing of little concern, and sobriety a standing jest: Question the boy on the propriety of his behaviour, he will answer in your *own language*, "I went to take a walk, and sure that *was no harm.*" Parents, to you I must again appeal; in vain do you give precepts, in vain do you advise, in vain do you correct, if your own conduct does not run therewith in strict conformity. There is no expression in our language, that in its tendency has gone greater lengths in undermining propriety of conduct, than—*I have done no harm; or meant no harm.* Boys go out on the sabbath, break down the farmer's fences, pillage his garden, rob his trees of their fruit, run over his ground in the most wanton manner, and still *mean no harm.* Parents reflect, does not the industrious farmer sweat and toil for all these things? do not many of them pay high rents for their farms? and is it *doing no harm* to strip them of that, which would otherwise have been the reward of their industry! make the case your own, remember the golden rule, Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you.

OBADIAH OPTIC.

ORIGINAL.

THE SPECTACLES.—No. XI.

Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw. POPE.

THE task of pleasing all our readers, is too difficult to be undertaken; some, but very few indeed, are contented with the result of sober reflection, others wish their eyes regaled with interesting tales, and many delight in dwelling upon pages of puns, or leaves stocked with wit, or attempts at wit: The mind of man, naturally an enemy to reflection, looks with eager expectation for something which will keep it employed without labour, and gratify its impatience for knowledge, with-

out requiring study. A smart repartee or witty retort, is more esteemed by the generality of mankind, than the soundest advice or most sage remarks; there is a certain brilliancy which some possess, and never fail showing it on all occasions; their minds 'Shew a hasty spark, and straight are cold again;' yet these are received with applause, honoured for their talents, and respected for those trifles which habit has taught them at the expense of judgment. These remarks were drawn from me in consequence of several of communications which I have received, some of which I shall afford a place.

MR. SPECTS,

'At your debut, I promised myself much pleasure, but as your essays progressed, my disappointment increased; for sentiments and morals, you will do well enough; but these are not what I like: Why do you not, as I suppose you are addicted to thought, give us some smart sayings, that when one goes into company, one need not be at a loss; this is the reason why I have subscribed to the '*Eye*;' you can't imagine how Mr. **** shone at last party, on some witty remarks, which I afterward discovered were borrowed from an old magazine; and, having the head filled with short stories, pertinent to every thing, has a good effect: If you turn your attention and employ your pen to this purpose, you will not only secure the esteem of you readers, but which is not the case at present, avoid having your numbers condemned without a perusal. MARY.

It is too true, as my fair writer observes, that most of our *punsters* are indebted to musty volumes of news-papers, or half decayed magazines, for those trifling recommendations to the notice of the ladies: But, as I must refuse her request, it would be indecent to deny without giving reasons. It is well enough to have at least the appearance of possessing some sense, and it would be extremely impolitic to expose ignorance, which would certainly be done, were her request acceded to; for if I should not succeed in writing wit, my productions, if attempted, would be below contempt; and if successful, eminent authors have said, particularly Lord KAIM, and men of sense believe them too, that a good judgment and sound sense are inconsistent with such qualities: And I should be extremely sorry, were I even capable, to give any assistance to those despicable plagiarists, who shine without merit, and gain admiration without any title.

The other epistle seems to abound with the malevolence of a disappointed beau.

DEAR SPECS,

I OBSERVED with pleasure, that you censured the ladies for playing cards; but your misplaced charity checked your pen before you disclosed the unfair practices made use of by them to insure them success in playing; and what is worse, it is a point of politeness for the gentlemen to submit to these frauds without hesitation: I heartily wish you would not spare the vices of the ladies, they are as much degenerated from their original virtues as the length of time would permit; coquettes and prudes have doubled their numbers the present century; and unless beauty and fortune introduce a gentleman to their favour, he is only treated like a slave. Do, Mr. SPECS, attack them, and teach them their dependence on our sex: I could tell you a long story about the behaviour of a certain belle, but I shall at present content myself with having given you this hint. I am your's, DICK DASHER.

I shall notice this new and strange correspondent with very few remarks: As to the unfair practices of the ladies at cards, the only remedy I can suggest, will be for the gentlemen to desist from playing with them, and if DICK has been fooled out of of his money, the caution will be salutary to him. The liberty of noticing the conduct of the fair sex will not be transferred to him, but impartiality shall always be my aim; and disappointed pride or repulsed vanity, shall not vindictively intrude on the the manners or characters of those to whom we are indebted for a great share of earthly happiness. T.

ORIGINAL.

THE TORTOISE.—No. VIII.

Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all must be beloved? COWPER.

THE esteem of the virtuous for actions the effect of pure motives and endeavours to be useful, is an incentive to an ambition truly commendable; whilst to elicit declamation for exertions in opposition to vice, is what every author must expect from those whose idol he presumes to denounce: To have merited the former, would to me be highly gratifying; that

I have incurred the latter, the following communication fully evinces.

TO MR. TITULAR.

SIR,

In your last number, you have given a most fanciful picture of the *summum bonum* of life; I doubt whether the most rigid divine could have painted it in more sombre shades!—Why sir, would you not have us to be like other people?—and pray, what is fashion but an imitation of the manners, customs, and dress of the inhabitants of those nations whose longer standing and greater experience renders them suitable patterns for those of an infant country, desirous of progressing to perfectability in all that is elegant?—Although we have made considerable advances in polite life, yet have we much to learn, and we have reason to blush, when we observe the striking difference between a foreigner, and the most refined citizen of America—what grace in the deportment of the former, what ease in his manners, his salutations how engaging—and then—but, sir, I need say nothing to you of his conduct at those resorts, which fashion has instituted for the pleasure of such as possess souls of a more social cast than yours—yet, who can behold him at the card-table, &c. without admiration of his proficiency in every thing that constitutes the finished gentleman!—but the masquerade is the sphere in which all his brilliances unite and form a perfect constellation!—and here I cannot help adverting to the matronic prudence of our too wise legislators, in passing an act prohibiting those innocent and edifying amusements—little do they consider, that by such a measure they check the progress of refinement: But we *will* have our pleasures, in spite of them—of you, or even of old OPTIC, who, by the bye, would have us to dress in home-made stuff—'twould indeed be a strange sight to behold our delicate fair ones, clad like farmers' daughters, and instead of improving in the splendid accomplishments which have been introduced by fashion, learning to spin and engaging in domestic employments—monstrous!—away with such nonsense! OPTIC may shut his '*Eye*'—let the '*Spectacles*' be converted into opera glasses—bid TRUEMAN burn his antiquated manuscripts—and you, TITULAR, make a tooth-pick of your pen and send your paper to the milliners to be used for better purposes than that of being defaced with essays against what you and the like of you are pleased to term the vices of the age!—Fashion! why

sir, it is the life of a respectable city, and he who has the temerity to speak against it, shall not escape the censure of

JACK GAYLOVE.

In this letter, a vein of partiality for whatever is *foreign*, is the only thing that renders it worthy of notice; and in this the writer is rather to be pitied than censured; for, if an *American*, which I very much doubt, his servile preference to the customs of Europe, designates him to be not merely a votary of fashion, but a slave of foreign influence.—If an *European*, it is a subject of regret, that though he breathes the wholesome air of liberty, his taste is so depraved by transatlantic luxury, as not to relish the native purity of American manners. He, indeed, must be an unhappy being, who is dependent on distant nations for his pleasures, whilst he spurns those which are congenial to the country in which he spends his days and acquires his wealth.

It will be unnecessary for me to comment on those prominent features of fashion, which my correspondent exultingly presents to view, as the reader may find the subject discussed in an able and interesting manner by referring to Mr. OPTIC's essay in the fifth number of the '*Eye*.' TIM TITULAR.

ORIGINAL.

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.

(continued from page 153)

BUT an accident of a singular nature, forbade the buds of love to blossom in their hearts: There was, among the gentlemen of our hero's acquaintance, one who by his insinuating manners won his good opinion, and afterwards, by the affectation of those virtues he most esteemed, his confidence; he too, was a visitor at the residence of MARIA HAMPTON, and to whom they both, for some time, unknown to each other, paid those little attentions, which are generally supposed to be certain indications of marriage, but which many times, arise from a mere love of elegant society, and have for their object, present enjoyment without any view to futurity.

CALVERT was an European, whose vices had driven him from his native country, and who here, by elegant manners, and hypocritical virtue (if the expression may be used) concealed the villainy of his heart: HENRY and he were frequent companions when separating from MARIA, as they both re-

sided in the same quarter of the city; HENRY's honest affections had expanded and folded to their source this being so unworthy, and yet so specious; nor was MARIA less deceived in bestowing her's on an object who left HENRY no other place in her heart than that which was devoted to a friend: His object in courting her society was dishonourable, enjoyment his only desire; he had been educated in idleness, and this had naturally induced dissipation and vice; his follies were excused, but they at length degenerated into crimes; these, though not of uncommon nature, nor of an infamous one in the consideration of many, produced his ruin; they gradually dissipated, his fortune, and rendered its reparation impracticable; he then emigrated to Philadelphia to conceal his humble condition from his more fortunate and more wealthy companions in the same practices in which he had been accustomed to indulge, and to earn honestly here what he was ashamed to earn so humbly there; here he became a clerk in a mercantile house, and was by some of his companions introduced to MARIA; he soon found she could not be seen with impunity, and drank deeply of the intoxicating draught of passion, and inspired her with as entiment which frequently bears the name, but is not true love; this is an error into which many of my fair countrywomen have fallen, they suffer themselves to be deluded by the suggestions of love, when it has for its object some imposing foreigner of pleasing appearance, to the detriment of a more worthy, but less accomplished American, whose station is more humble, but whose moral worth is better known.

CALVERT was deeply in love; yet what is said to be strange in people affected with this species of malady—he reasoned with himself on the subject. Our passions, said he, were given to us for our happiness; I am now under the influence of one of the strongest in our nature: I love MARIA, and she undoubtedly loves me—possess this treasure I must; yet how is it to be done; she is attached to legal forms, they are my aversion; what, shall I bind myself to cherish till death, what at the begining of the term is the most beautiful, the most lovely being in nature, but will soon become a withered rose, rifled of all its beauties, its fragrance wasted and its bloom decayed! shall human laws controvert the intentions of nature, by preventing us from indulging her strongest propensities, unless shackled by her cold unfeeling provisions! were it not so, I am too poor to marry—too much in love for self-denial;—he paused awhile, and then added, art and cunning shall decide my fate;

she shall be deceived, and that deceit which procures her happiness, will readily be forgiven. To this plan he adhered; and having obtained the consent of MARIA, it was agreed that the marriage ceremony should be privately performed; none were to witness it, except a few friends, and every thing was to remain a secret till the time appointed. During the time all this was passing, HENRY was no longer the constant visitor; to two persons tenderly attached to each other, the presence of a third is unnecessary, if not disagreeable; HENRY experienced this, and absented himself as much as politeness would permit. CALVERT informed *him* of the intended marriage, and requested his presence at the time appointed.

That time arrived, and HENRY accompanied the parties to the residence of the clergyman; but, just when CALVERT was about to pronounce the vow, which would have perjured him, HENRY thus addressed him: It is necessary, in my opinion, that when two persons are about to unite themselves to each other for a term which nothing, but that of the death of one of the parties will terminate, they should be well acquainted with each other. There was a stern solemnity in his manner, an uncommon expression in his features, that surprised and offended MARIA, and made CALVERT tremble; he attempted to stop him—No, said HENRY, I *will* continue; permit me to proceed without interruption, you shall then be heard if you have any thing to say: MARIA, I know is a worthy, an innocent, an estimable woman, and well calculated to make you happy; but you CALVERT—What now, interrupted the latter—Silence, he replied, until I have finished, in a tone of voice which thrilled the nerves of CALVERT and made him start—But you have been my bosom friend, the depository of all my cares and all my pleasures, my friend, and the intended husband of one I love with the affection of a sister—judge then with what pain I charge you with the foul crime of deceit and seduction——Villain! how dare you make this charge? There, said he, is my authority, what is the meaning of this note? he then read aloud the following note:—

ALL is prepared—I was not able to bribe the clergyman you wished—but, as the Rev. Mr. ***** goes out of town to-morrow with his family, and will not return for some days, I have procured a person to officiate (masked) in his place; and as MARIA is not personally acquainted with him, your purpose may be readily effected; the servants are in my interest, though they are made to believe the plan is merely a good joke.

MARTIN.

Where, said CALVERT, did you get that infamous falsehood? It is a truth, and I had it from an honourable source: MARIA sank into a chair, overcome with terrour and distress, and waited with breathless anxiety the termination of this extraordinary, and to her, interesting scene—Where, continued HENRY, is thy infernal coadjutor? CALVERT, whose astonishment had deprived him of recollection, was confounded; however, when he found no other means left him, denied all knowledge of the writing, at the same time making a sign to the mock clergyman to withdraw—Hold, said HENRY, who observed him endeavouring to escape, hold villain! move one step more, and you never move again!—presenting a pistol, here CALVERT, continued he, is a damning proof of your infamy, tearing the mask from the face of the other, and addressing him, are you the Rev. Mr. *****? The fellow replied in the negative; CALVERT, driven to madness by the complete developement and defeat of his scheme, rushed upon HENRY, who again presented his pistol—CALVERT, said he, your life is in my hands, but I will not take it; tho' in self-defence, I would not send a villain unprepared to his eternal judge; the purpose for which I came here is finished, and MARIA saved from years of wretchedness and sorrow; I have discharged my duty; it is for you to determine whether or not this shameful transaction shall be published to the world; hitherto, for reasons you are well acquainted with, no witnesses of your infamy have appeared, but should you make an attack on my person, the noise may invite *to you*, unwelcome spectators. be silent then and peaceable, suffer this shameful transaction to be buried in oblivion; go, hide your head and repent. *(to be continued)*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EYE.

MR. OPTIC,

CUSTOMS which have become obsolete, claim the attention and are interesting to those who are in the habit of reflecting on the difference between the manners of former ages, and those of the present; they also tend to shew the progress of knowledge, and discover to our view with what rapidity the clouds of ignorance and superstition are dispelled at the rising of the genial sun of science—as the subject of *love*, above most others, ranks high in the consideration of, every person whose blood is not congealed by misanthropic frosts, I feel confident, that the following account of a curious fraterni-

ty denominated, "PENITENTS OF LOVE," will be generally amusing.

An institution thus designated was established some centuries ago in Languedoc, and was remarkable for an enthusiastic emulation in the two sexes who were members, to acquire the honours attached to the extraordinary requirements which they voluntarily enjoined upon themselves. The subject is detailed, in a publication now before me, as follows.—

"Their object was to prove the excess of their love, by bearing with invincible constancy, the extremes of heat and cold. Accordingly, the resolute knights and squires, the dames and damsels, who had the hardiness to embrace this severe institution, dressed themselves, in the heat of summer, with the thickest mantles, lined with the warmest furs. By this they demonstrated, according to the ancient poets, and those who strove to immortalize their gallant virtues, that 'Love works the most wonderful and extraordinary changes.'

"In winter, their love, still deaf to the ignoble voice of comfort and convenience, again preverted the dictates of the season. They then clothed themselves in the lightest and thinest stuffs that could be procured. It was a crime to wear fur on a day of the most piercing cold; or to appear with a hood, cloak, gloves, or muff. The flame of love kept them sufficiently warm! Fires all the winter were utterly banished from their houses; and they dressed their apartments with evergreens; and in the most intense frost, their beds were covered only with a piece of canvass.

"Thus accommodated, and thus attired, they passed the greater part of the day abroad, wandering about from castle to castle, wherever they were summoned by the inviolable duties of love and gallantry; so that many of these devotees, during so desperate a pilgrimage, perished by the inclemency of the weather; and received the crown of martyrdom to their profession."

To which the writer, adds the following pertinent reflections:—

"Is it not strange, that the ingenuity of man should be so frequently and so successfully exerted to curtail life and to destroy its comforts! While at the same time, he has never been ashamed, in any age or country, to complain of the shortness of existence, and the paucity of its enjoyments! The severe precepts of mistaken principles, it seems, are sometimes insufficient for our torment, and we are obliged to pervert the sources

even of the dearest delights and relaxations, to fill up the idle catalogue of voluntary sufferings. In matters of love, however at least, we are at length grown wiser; and the love stricken maidens and amorous youths of the present day, prefer less severe ways of proving their attachment; and (notwithstanding all the noise which is sometimes made about antiquity, and I know not what, of ancestral reverence) permit me to say, in the language of the poet,

"Let ancient manners other men delight,
But me the moderns please, as more polite."

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE TOMB OF A BROTHER.

ALAS! in awful death's repose
He sleeps, whose gentle heart,
With ev'ry mourner o'er his woes,
Could sigh for sigh impart.

His image lives upon my soul;
And mem'ry yet can hear
His voice, whose music ever stole,
So kindly, on my ear.

For purest philanthropic love,
Was wont still from his tongue
To flow, soft as the coo of dove,
From seat sequester'd sung.

He rose in dread misfortune's hour,
A mother's hope and pride;
But ah! soon like a blasted flow'r,
Sunk in her arms and died.

His form shall bless my sight no more:
'Tis meet I bear my lot;
Yet oft my way will I explore,
At ev'ning, to this spot.

And 'lone, my anguish'd breast to ease,
When all is silence deep,
Save the gale sighing thro' the trees;
Sit by his grave and weep.

GLORMON.